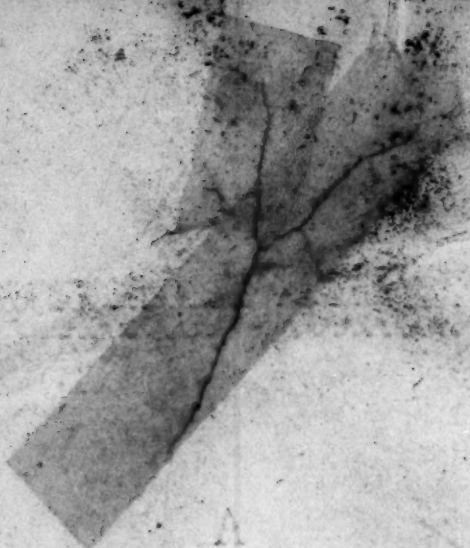


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A
VOYAGE
FROM THE
East-Indies.



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East-Indies.

By Captain James Cook, F.R.S.

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FROM THE
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By Capt. *MORRICE*.



L O N D O N :

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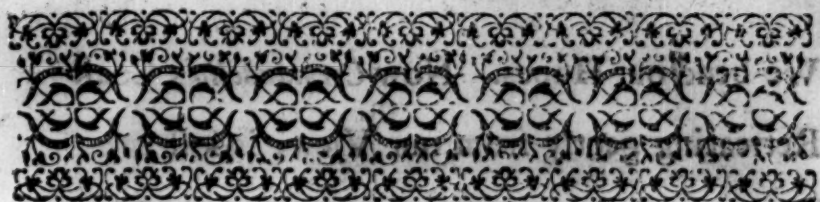
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THE WEST INDIES

THE SIXTH



At Distance, on the Right, shines our Eyes
The Winds, that on this life, with warmen play
Visit the Groves, triumphantly convey
1491 13 14
A
VOYAGE
FROM THE
EAST-INDIES.



UR Anchors weigh'd, a fair auspicious
Gale
Sweep's o're the Sea, saluting ev'ry
Sail ;
Now leaving *Maderas*, possess'd with Store
Of *India's* Wealth, for dear *Britannia's* Shoar
We

We bend our Hopes. Now *Cormandella's* Coast
Retreating gently from our View, is lost :

And now *Ceylon*, wherè blooming Spices rise,
At Distance, on the Right, salute's our Eyes:

The Winds, that on this Isle, with wanton Play,
Visit the Groves, triumphantly convey

Their rifled Sweets far on their Wings away.

Hence grateful Odours reach'd us as we sail'd,

And the delicious Breeze our Sense regal'd.

And now *Moldivia* Islands, (that subside
Beneath the *Æquator*, sprinkled on each Side,
Like Spots upon the Sea) a numerous Train,
We leave, and plough the spacious Eastern Main;
Then tending towards *Bon 'Espranza* stand,
And pass, far off, by *Afric's* sultry Land,
On whose prodigious Continent (they say)
Great *Prestor John* hold's his imperial Sway,
And doe's, beneath his far-extended Reign,
A Race of Men of ev'ry Hue contain.

Now

Now sailing o're the Ocean's mighty Walle,
We had at length those calmer Climates pass'd,
Where temp'rate Gales to Constancy incline,
And crossing, left the Southern Tropic-Line.
When lo ! the Wind (late fav'ring our Desires)
Grows faint and languid, and at last expires.

Now doe's the Sea a mighty Plain appear
Of liquid Chrystal, wond'rous smooth and clear.
Res^d spread's her soft Pavilion all around,
And on the peaceful Waters sit's enthron'd:
The hardy Sailors quit their heavy Tolls,
And harmless Mirth the lazy Hours beguiles;
Each seek's his Sport to pass the Time away,
While round the Bark the social Fishes play;
(A various Fry in sweet Confusion mixt)
The Ship stand's, as in Contemplation fixt,
Seeming to view its Form in the clear Deep,
And gently nod's like one inclin'd to Sleep.

Now by each Mast hang's loosely ev'ry Sail,
Nor swell's, as when impregnate with a Gale ;
In Heaven's Beauty now no Stain we find ;
Fair as a spotless Virgin's Face or Mind.

But see ! with sudden Speed the Pittrels fly,
Whose wetted Wings foretel a Tempest nigh :
Confirming this, Himself the Porpoise rear's,
And a strange Tumour in the Sea appears.

And now an easy Breeze from Eastward springs,
And o'er the Sea extend's its gentle Wings,
Raising small Wrinkles on its level Brow,
That to huge horrid monstrous Furrows grow ;
Like rising Fame, the little Wind in haste
Prove's a gigantick and stupendious Blast.

Now dark'ning Clouds the Face of Heav'n o're-
spread,
And all the Day seem's in an instant fled :

The

The Thunder bellow's, and the Billows roul
Like Mountains heav'd by Earthquakes ; from each
Pole

By sudden Fits the darted Lightning flies,
Whose dreadful Beams th' extinguish'd Sun's supplies?
The Ship does this Way now, now that incline,
And reel's like one oppress'd with Fumes of Wine;
Flutter the Sails, the Cords a ratt'ling make ;
The lofty Pines at the Wind's Fury quake :
Mounted aloof, their Tops now seem to sweep
The Clouds, and now seem bury'd in the Deep.
Chaf'd by the Storm, old Ocean fiercely raves,
And a white Foam o'respread's the boiling Waves ;
The Sailors in tumultuous Clamours vie,
With all the Fury of the Sea and Sky.

Thus in Man's Breast (that small, yet various Sea)
While from each Ill of Love and Fortune free,

The chearful Heart a pleasing Calm enjoys,
 Which then no Blast of ruffling Care destroys;
 No fierce Vexations then his Peace controul,
 Then no contending Woes oppress his Soul.
 But what Disorder, what a Change we find?
 What sudden dire Disturbance fill's the Mind,
 When Fate and *Calia* joyntly prove unkind?

But now, awhile their fruitless Fury try'd,
 The Winds abate their Force, the Waves their Pride,
 And Heav'n, so late in Frowns and Horror seen,
 Unveil's its dusky Face, and look's serene:
 The Sun appear's in all its Pomp again,
 And seem's to smile on the more temp'rate
 Main.

So factious Tumults oft, and civil Hate
 A while distress a fierce divided State;
 But want of Rest and Safety doe's engage
 Again to Peace, and lull's contentious Rage:

Or

Or influenc'd by Desert, they cast away
Ambitious Thirst, and yield to rightful Sway.

Now Store of Birds hov'ring in Air appear,
And give the joyful Sign that Land is near ;
Which ah! too soon does our rais'd Hope beguile,
Proving the dreaded *Madagascar's* Isle ;
Whose Southern Part near *Bon 'Espransa* lies,
And its compleat Extent with *Britain* vies.
This spacious Isle, that seems, by Heav'n design'd,
Like that, to succour in Distress Mankind,
Whose Coast is with convenient Harbours strow'd,
Its Land supply'd with Fruits and plenteous Food ;
Tho' by indulgent Providence thus blest,
No Faith dwells there, Security, nor Rest.
It doe's a lawless Race Protection give,
Who thrive by Ills, and by Destruction live ;
Rapacious Pyrates, whose injurious Might
Doe's more than Storms or raging Billows fright.

Hence,

Hence, therefore, drove by Horror, we explore
Our Way, and leave th' inhospitable Shoar.

And now the lofty *Bon 'Espransa* rears
Its triple Head, and like a Cloud appears
View'd far at Sea ; its Fronts ascend the Sky,
And at its Feet two Subject Oceans lye,
Divided by its Pow'r ; in vain they roar,
And with repeated Waves assault its Shoar ;
Its solid and persisting Bounds, their Course
Oppose, and conquer their rebellious Force,

Hither, with all convenient Speed, we hast,
And gladly in the Bay our Anchor cast ;
Our Ship secur'd, we seek the neigh'bring Strand,
And court the dear Refreshments of the Land.

The *Hollanders* are here a Colony,
Who with fresh Food their touching Ships supply,

And

And needful Water, that in constant Rills,
Descending, rush's from the bounteous Hills.
A little Town in spruce Array is seen,
(Neat! tho' not large! not stately! but yet clean!)
Gracing the Shoar; and a commanding Fort
Protect's the Shipping and adjacent Port.

A Garden here, with gen'rous Fruits is
grac'd:

The Orange, of a pleasing Hue and Taste;
The Lemmon; and the tarter Lime, whose Juice
Is in the Friendly Bowl of soy'reign Use;
The Citron (good preserv'd) and high in Worth;
The Mellon, that dejected lies on Earth;
Like Virtue, oft retir'd from pompous Crimes,
Or Merit unuphel'd in barb'rous Times;
The rich Pomgranate too, in Gems display'd,
And strew'd with Blushes, like a yielding Maid.

Vine-

Vineyards they have (dispers'd the Country round)
With needful Stocks, if not with Plenty crown'd ;
And press the noble Product of the Vine,
That yield's, tho' not a rich, yet wholesome Wine.
The Soil would answer well the Tiller's Care ;
The Clime is temp'rate, and serene the Air ;
The Country, well with good Provision stor'd,
Doe's fit Supples, at little Price, afford.
But oh ! the hideous Natives of the Place,
Heaven's Bounty and Benevolence, disgrace !
A Stain to Providence and Human Race !
These in eternal Idleness remain,
Nor Reason's sacred Exercise attain ;
Rude, they neglect their Persons and their Land,
Religion, Law, nor Manners understand ;
A Crew obscene and vile ! in whom we find
A Human Form, but scarce a Human Mind.

Oh

Oh Knowledge! Reason! Virtue! Civil Art!
What Grace, what Glory ye to Man impart!
What Benefits from your pure Fountains flow,
What Taste, what Blessings, ye on Life bestow,
This barb'rous Race, by just Reflection, show!

Here, having now refresh'd, and gain'd Supply,
We tempt the Seas, and Fate's Indulgence try;
We leave the less'ning Cape, and horned Bay,
Doubling the Point; and Homeward shape our
Way,

With chearful Hearts; yet still at Distance keep
By *Afric's* Coast: The Monsters of the Deep,
(For *Afric's* Sea as well as *Afric's* Shoar
Has a peculiar and tremendous Store)
Horridly gay, around our Ship resort,
And freely in their Native Region sport.

Seals, and Sea-Lions, range; the wat'ry Horse,
Take's, through the liquid Field, uncheck'd, his
Course;

The Grampus, thro' the foaming Ocean stear's,
And, like a Mountain, tumbling there, appear's;
Compos'd, and fix'd, a dreaded Rock he show's,
And from him, a new Ocean spouting throw's!

Amongst this boistrous Rout, a Kind draw
near,

Where Nature's Work more finish'd do's appear,
That, from the hideous Fry distinguish'd, shine,
Like Worth conspicuous in a humane Line,

'A Species far more comely and refin'd;
Fair to the Sight; but barb'rously inclin'd,
(Like Men) to prey on their inferior Kind.

These, with the quickest Speed, for constant Food,
Pursue the little Fishes of the Flood;

The little Fishes from the Flood repair

With pannic Fear, and spring aloof in Air;

Con-

Converted now to Birds, for Safety fly,
And pierce the lower Region of the Sky.
This wond'rous Course, for their Security,
They take, expell'd their Native Home, the Sea;
Where furious *Albacore's* their Lives pursue,
Bonnetoes swift, and sprightly *Dolphins* too.

The sprightly *Dolphin*! that for Speed and Grace
Is justly priz'd of all the wat'ry Race;
His pleasing Form enchant's the ravish'd Eye,
He shine's like Stars in the serenest Sky.
Strait as a Line, stretch'd with the nicest Care;
Nor Glass, nor polish'd Steel more smooth appear.

His Skin, of various Hues, like Rain-bows, seem's,
When newly dress'd in the Sun's glorious Beams.
Swift, as the rapid Courser on the Plain,
He dart's along, and cleave's the sparkling Main.
How is this beauteous noble Fish disgrac'd,
By its feign'd Likeness on the Canvass plac'd?

With bottle Nose! broad Head! and crooked

Snout!

Hunch Back! and blobber Lips; a monstrous

Lout!

For this Injustice by the Painter shew'n,

Here let the Poet's truer Praise atone.

Now, long we plough the *Æthiopic* Main,

At length, *St. Hellen's* craggy Port obtain.

St. Hellen's Isle! that pointed Rocks immure!

As Fame, or Virtue, Womankind secure,

And their priz'd Chastity preserve; yet Here,

For those, whom Friendship lead's, a Way is clear;

As the most rigid and reserv'd, afford

Their free Embraces to a plighted Lord.

A Platform guard's the Landing-Place, a Fort

Secure's the Passage, and command's the Port.

Yet this, we from the Hardy *Belgian* gain'd

By Prowess, such as all Controul disdain'd:

When

When *British* Arms and Valour to restrain,
Nature and Art oppos'd their Helps in vain :
'Tis since preserv'd, as a convenient Seat
Of Rest and Succour for our *India* Fleet.

The high conspicuous Island, Plenty fill's,
Has many purling Streams, and verdant Hills,
The Poet's Theams! and ah! residing here,
Yet more inviting Theams for Verse appear.

The lov'y Females, Natives of this Place,
Share Woman's earliest Innocence and Grace.
Each, bright, and lovely, as a Summer's Day,
Luscious as Autumn-Fruits, and fresh as Flow'rs
in May:

Here having rested, and refresh'd awhile,
We hast away, and leave the blooming Isle.
Now pass *Ascentian*, stor'd with Tortoise, and
'Th' *Hesperian* Isles, and fair *Canary's* Land ;

Where

Where huge stupendious *Teneriff* do's rise,
 And seem's, like *Atlas*, to support the Skies;
 At whose firm Feet, the breaking Billow's roar,
 And num'rous Vineyards bless his plenteous Shoar;
 Whence gen'rous Wines proceed: And leaving all
 Those beauteous Isles, that *Fortunate* they call,
 We for *Britannia* now directly steer;
 At length her chalky Cliffs and graceful Shoars ap-
 pear.

Thus much Fatigue, with some Diversion pass'd,
 And Danger temper'd with Delight; at last
 (Thro' gracious Providence, secure from Harms)
 Fair *Thames* receive's us in her winding Arms.





NOTES

On the Preceding

POEM.

NOW leaving Maderas, &c.

Maderas, or Fort St. George, is the Chief Settlement belonging to the English, in the East-Indies, whither the greater Part of their Ships are generally consign'd: 'Tis seated on the Coast of Corman-dell.

And

And now Ceylon, where blooming Spices rise.

The Island of *Ceylon* is remarkable for bearing sweet Spices; and 'tis observable, that the Scent of them is often carry'd many Leagues to Sea by the Wind.

*And now Moldivia Islands, that subside
Beneath th' Equator —*

They are a prodigious Number of small Islands, that lye in a Row, under the Equinoctial-Line, partly on one Side, and partly on the other; some reckon them Ten Thousand, or more.

Great Prestor John holds his Imperial Sway.

Prestor John, according to the Opinion of some Sailors, is the continu'd Name of a Race of Kings or Emperors, whose Dominions reach almost from the Red Sea to the Cape of good Hope, and have People of all Complexions in Them.

When suddenly advancing Pittrells fly.

The *Pittrell* is a small Bird, something resembling a *Swallow*; and 'tis thought, that when this Bird fly's low, and dip's its Wings often in the Sea, it portend's bad Weather. The same is thought when the Porpoise raise's it self out of the Sea, or the Sea has an unusual Swelling.

Proving the dreaded Madagascar's Isle.

The Island of *Madagascar*, or *St. Laurence*, is remarkable for harbouring *Pirates*.

*And now the lofty Bon 'Espransa rear's
It's tripple Head ———*

Cape Bon Espransa, or the *Cape of Good Hope*, is the Southermost Point of all *Afric*, and which our Ships are oblig'd to double or turn about in their Passage to or from the *East-Indies*. It has on it three very high Hills, commonly call'd, *The Sugar-Loaf*, *Table-Land*, and *Lion's Rump*.

Bo oh! the hideous Natives of the Place.

Commonly call'd *Hottintotts*, who are certainly the most filthy, unpolish'd and unimprov'd People in the Universe.

The little Fishes from the Flood repair.

There are a little sort of Fishes, (commonly call'd *Flying Fishes*) that having their Fins of an uncommon Length, make use of them as Wings, when they spring out of the Sea, to avoid the Persecution of the great Ones.

St. Hellen's Isle, that pointed Rocks immure.

Saint *Hellena* is a small Island, lying at a Distance on the Coast of *Afric*: 'Tis environ'd by Rocks, and has only one Entrance, which is a good convenient Harbour. It was taken from the *Dutch*, by Admiral *Munden*, in the Time of the *Dutch War*. Here our Homeward-bound Ships usually meet together, and make up their Fleet.

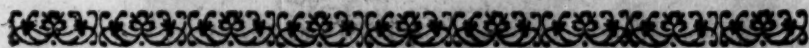
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